THE

French Kings New DECLARATION

Translated from the ORIGINAL at *Paris*.

[Being his Publick MANIFESTO, in Vindication of Himself, and the late King *James*, from being any ways Aiding, Assisting or Privy to the late intended ASSASSINATION of King *WILLIAM*.]

WHereas by Our Abdication from *England* ... ed ... tended Assassination design'd upon the Person of Our Nephew the Prince of *Orange*; and, Unjust and scandalous Suggestions of Our Enemies have industriously endeavoured to insinuate, That Our Self, and Our Dearest Brother *James*, King of Great-*Britain*, have been *Aiders* and *Abettors* to the said Assassination, at which We are the less surprized as being but highly sensible, that the *Lustre* of the *Great* is but too often shaded by Slander and Detraction from the Mouths of *Malice* and *Envy*.

Nevertheless, to dispel that *Empty* Cloud, We think Our Selves obliged, in Right to Our *Traduced* and *Injured* Honour, to Publish this following Declaration.

And, that the *Guarrantee* of Our Royal Word, Our present Onely *Vindication*, may carry its just Weight, and obviate all that *Spight* or *Obstinancy* may, or shall object, against that Unquestion'd *Authority*; We think fit, *First*, to Remonstrate, what constant *Veneration* We have ever Paid to Our Vows and Protestations; such as Our *Publick* Oaths against *Infringing* the EDICT of *NANTS*; and Our no less *Publick Sacrament* at the *High-Altar* against all INVASION of *FLANDERS*: As Our constant well-known *Tenderness* therefore for the *Peace* of *Christendom* abroad, and the *Conservation* of the *Rights*, *Religion*, and *Liberties* of Our *Protestant* Subjects at Home, both so Sworn, and so Performed, stand the ever Living *Monuments* of Our Inviolable FAITH: So We have no Reason to fear that the Misdoubts of our *Foes*, or the Jealousies of *Europe*, with any shadow of *Justice*, should dipute the Honour and Integrity of Our present Royal Word on this humbler Occasion; when, in a more Important Cause, under those *Higher* fore-mentioned *Obligations* of Oaths and Sacraments We have so

Gloriously

Gloriously Signalized Our **Unshaken Veracity.**

Directly and Indirectly, We therefore Declare,

WE are those utter Strangers to this *Murtherous Design*, (as indeed **Bloodshed** has always been Our greatest *Detestation*) That,

First, to right Our **Unhappy Brother** of *England*, whom it more nearly touches (Our *Greatness* and **Reputation** being above the reach of *Calumny*) that it is altogether so impossible for Him, even in a **Wish** or **Thought**, to assent to so Barbarous an **Assassination**; that on the contrary, he *dares*, (in so vile a Condescension) no more violate His *Royal* **Honour**, than He durst His *Royal* **Faith.**

Even the very *Breach* of a **Coronation Oath** is not His greater *Abhorrence*: Insomuch that He Publickly *Declares*, He equally Shrinks at *This*, as He has always Trembled at *That*.

And, for the further clearing *Both* Our *Royal Names*, from that hideous Imputation; It is not only inconsistent both with the *Characters* and *Professions* of the Great *Lewis* and *James* the **Just**; but even contrary to our very *Natures*; 'Tis *Baseness* and *Cowardice* dare only stoop to a *Shameful Act*, when true *Bravery* and true *Courage* even start at the Horrour of *It*. Can WE whose *Whole* Lives have been one Scene of *Glory*, **Nurst** up to hardy *Virtue*, **Bred** in **Camps**, that have **Faced** *Death* and *Dangers* in their *nearest* and *hottest Front*, **March't** always **Foremost** in the Boldest *Van* of *Honour*; **Led** Our own *Battles*, **Fought** Our own *Fields*, and only, with Our own **Personal** Valour, Planted all our Groves of *Lawrels*: Can WE consent! WE to this vile *Stroke*? No; 'tis a Work, a Task, a **Villany** for *Slaves* and *Vagrants*: And if 'tis possible a *King* can *stoop* so Low, 'tis only the Crown'd-Head with the *Poor-Spirited* Soul, the *Mars ad opus Veneris*, that hears his own *Martial Thunder* only at the **Safe** Distance of a *Danaes* Arms; **Tyrants** who break through all *Laws*; **Perjurers** that break through all *Oaths* and *Sacraments*; NERO'S that only Sing to *Groans* & *Conflagrations*; These are the *Hands* and *Hearts* for such an Undertaking.

Nay, for a yet more *particular* **Vindication** of Our Injured Brother of *England*, He declares himself so far (even in his common Principles of *Humanity*) from *Aiding*, *Abetting*, or *Arming* a **Cut-Throat**, an **Assassinate**, a **Massacrer**, or any such *Wolfe* or *Blood-Hound*, that His whole Four Years *Raign* has amply *Confuted* that Malicious *Aspersion*; witness his Generous *Hibernian* **Reformation**, under His ever Sacred *Representative* TYRCONNEL, the truest Image of the **Britannick Majesty**; who instead of continuing the *Sword*, the *Power*, and *Trust*, in dangerous *Unconfiding* Hands, He conferr'd the *Gentler* Reins of Sway to those Tenderer **Native** Favourites, those ever celebrated Sons of *Mercy*, Children of *Peace*, that truly *Venomless* Race, so Canonized for **Saints**, in his Great *Fathers* Raign: That this single Testimony alone must confront all the Snarls of *Defamation*, and every Hissing *Snake* against Him; and too notoriously testify, That neither a *Poinyard*, a *Stiletto*, a *Butcher*, or a *Ruffian*, yet ever *were*, or ever *shall be* his Encouragement or Protection; Insomuch, that to summ up his whole *Compurgation*, He Avows, from his Heart, and desires the World to **Believe** Him, That any thing that touches his *Honour* is a *Point* so **Nice**, that he would handle it with the very same *Tenderness* as he would a **College**, a **Bishop**, a

Charter,

Charter, or any thing yet *Deareſt* and *Neareſt* to him.

But if the *Infidel* World either obſtinately *will not*, or poorly *dare not* believe our own Royal *Proteſtations*, That **Treachery** and **Baſeneſs** are Our vileſt *Scorn*, WE call the very *Powers* above, for Our great *Atteſtators*, Our St. *Coleman*, and St. *Granville* the Immortal Witneſſes of Our *never Dying* Renown.

Having thus **amply** aſſerted and evinced Our whole Royal **Integrity**, and Combated and Conquered the whole Rancour of *Malice* **it ſelf**; nevertheleſs WE acknowledge We had deſign'd and purpoſed an *Invaſion of* England; and that in no leſs Cauſe than Our Brothers **Reſtauration**; and for that, and that **Only** Great End We had firmly Reſolved the *Attacquing of the* Prince *of* Orange *in his Winter Camp.*

And here, We farther Declare,

In all the *Meaſures* and *Movements*, taken and made, in and towards that Deſign, WE were ſo far from any *Clandeſtine* or *Unprincely* Steps or Advances, that on the contrary WE purpoſed nothing leſs than all the **Fair** *Hoſtility* of an **Open** and **Generous** Enemy; ſo **Fair**, that from *Noſtrodamus* his *Propheticks*, and ſome other **Gallick** *Prognoſticks* of Our *Succeſs*, WE had already **Before Hand** Blazoned Our whole *Triumph* and *Glory* in *Medals of Gold*, having reſolved to give that *Ecce magnus Abſalon* the very ſame *Honourable* **Perſonal** Treatment, as WE have already done in *Effigie.*

And here, to ſilence another too popular *Jealouſy*,

We likewiſe firmly Declare,

That the ſaid *Invaſion of* England was ſo far from any *Private* or *Siniſter* Ambition of **Our Own**, But only Our Free and Voluntary Service of Our **Exiled Brother**, His *Britannick Majeſty*, that on the contrary to take off all Umbrage of any ſuch Suſpicion, the very *Forces* WE lent Him, were wholly compoſed of Our own **Native** *Veteranes*, Our ever **Tryed**, ever **Faithful**, and ever **Sworn** *Domeſticks* and *Vaſſals*; by *this*, and all other Repeated *Demonſtrations*, deſiring to *Manifeſt* that WE had no other than this *Generous Deſign*, *viz.* That as our Siſter *Britannia* had ſo long worn *Our* **Liſles** in *Her* Scutcheon, we could not, but in Common *Civility* and *Gratitude*, return *Her* the *Honour* of wearing *Her* **Lyons** in *Ours.*

And here WE cannot but with *Sighs* reflect, what **Inexpreſſible** *Bleſſings* has *England* loſt, by the *Defeat* of this Glorious **Expedition**; when that ever **Truly** *Indulgent* Father of his *Country*, their Pious *James*, that Sway'd with that *Righteous*, that *Mercyful*, and that *Moderate* Adminiſtration, under the Reſtriction of a *Limited* Scepter, the **Shackles** of LAVV; to what *tenderer*, *ſofter*, and *ſerener* Raign of **Gentleneſs** and **Mercy**, had Our *Sword* reſtored Him, when Reſeated on His Throne, under thoſe *Unbounded*, all *Halcyon*, all *Gentle* **Deſpoticks** of CONQUEST.

Nor, in Juſtice to Our Dear Brother, can VVE leſs than Remonſtrate what **Thankful** Acknowledgments, and what **Ample** Retributions & Rewards His *Proteſtant Subjects*, upon their Return to their Duty and Allegiance, ſhould have Received from His Royal *Munificence*, eſpecially thoſe that ſignalized their Loyal Affections in any *Aſſiſtance* or *Service* towards his **Reſtoration.**

For **Ingratitude**, that *unkingly*, nay *unmanly* **Shame**, was ever the na-

tural

F. 149764

tural *Loathing* and *Aversion* to the very **Name** of the STUARTS: witness the whole Long Raign of His, and Our late dear *Brother*, the *Second* ever Illustrious *CHARLS*: For Instance, To those very ROYALISTS, His Freinds, His Champions, and *Restorers*, what *Titles*, what *Honours*, what *Preferments*, at his Recal to *Empire*, (like a kind *Jupiter* in *Showrs of Gold*) what *generous*, nay what **unspeakable** Returnes of *Gratitude* did *He* heap and pour upon them, as the Fair **Reward** both of their whole exhausted *Patrimonies* and exhausted *Veins*: A *Record* in his *Chronicles*, that must keep his Memory **Fragrant** even to latest Posterity.

And in the very **same** *Current* and Channel of **Glory**, what **equall** Returns did the no less **Grateful** *James* make to his ever Faithful *Church of England*, the only *Hands* and *Hearts* that stood in the Gap of his EXCLUSION, and stemm'd the whole *Torrent* against him. And consequently what yet, if Possible, **more** *Grateful* Returnes, even to a *Profuseness* of *Royal Smiles*, must they have expected from this **second** Redoubled *Merit*. His *Gratitude* should undoubtedly have so eminently **shined**, as not only to have Crown'd his *Living*, but even his *Dying* Freinds; when not a *Protestant* **Life** layd down, or one **Vein** let out, in so **glorious** a Cause but should have been **Rewarded** ev'n with a *Mausoleum*, no less then the **Sepulcher** and **Monument** of a *Cannon*, and a *Dumferling*.

For indeed not only his dear Friends, but his equally dear Country, have in a manner been the *Spouse*, and *Wife of his Bosome*, whom (as **Chastity** and **Fidelity** have been always Famed his fairest *Twin Virtues*) he has ever *Loved* and *Cherisht* with that Inviolate **Conjugal** Affection, even to an **Uxorious** Fondness.

And Lastly.

To lumine the *Sincerity* both of Our own and Our Dear *Brothers Protestations*, together with all the Great Truths contained in this Publick **Manifesto**, We need but adde this Single *Memoire* to his ever Shining **Royal Virtues**; *viz.* That as 'tis so eminently known to all Mankind, that Our *Brother of England* has constantly imbibed his whole *Rudiments* of *Glory*, from Our *Fountain* of **Honour**, and made it the whole Study of his Life to Pattern from Our **Example**: So; 'tis not to be **doubted**, but his Late Seven Years Abode with **Us**, has rather *improved* then *impair'd* those **Generous** and **Genuine** Principles, and by an opener *View* and fairer *Light*, only taught him to copy yet *nearer* his Great **Original**.

Dated from Our Court at *Versailes*, *April* the *First*, 1696.

LONDON, Printed: And Sold by *R. Baldwin*, near the *Oxford-Arms* in *Warwick-Lane*, 1696.